quired something of the sort to offset your deficiencies and childish attitude to keep the School in its high standard. Are you going to take advantage of these high motives, Class of '19? Are you going to accept this knowledge which the noble class of '18 has so tendered to you and which they have acquired through no little sacrifice of their own? It will remain to be seen next year.

And in closing, my dear schoolmates of the Class of '19, I would like to make one more charge. If at any time, in the next year you are doubtful about some little project, if you are not quite certain about the next move, think of the Class of '18. Recall to mind the wonderful manner in which they succeeded in every large undertaking, how unique every little detail was worked out; recall to mind their brilliant achievements along the lines of literary work, music, athletiecs and general school work, and that if you follow their footsteps, if you accept their plan of attack of the difficult problems which will confront you; then, I am sure, Class of '19, you will leave behind you a name; a name that will go down in history; a name which people will say was excelled by only one class before, and that was the work-loving and self-sacrificing Class of '18.

CLARENCE KEEL '18.

FAMOUS STALLS

I didn't get that far.
I guess I studied the wrong lesson.
I didn't understand that part of the lesson.
I brought the wrong paper to class.
I didn't understand the assignment.
I didn't have time to get over quite all of the lesson.
I've lost my paper.
I don't recall.
I don't know.
I tranlated all but that.
Was that our lesson for today.

Why does "Willie" like "Summers"?

JUNIORS' RESPONSE

Seniors — In behalf of the Junior Class, I accept this gavel and along with it the well meant advice which you have so kindly given to us. Yes, as I look at it I will admit that the Seniors have made one or two marke of achievement upon it but when the Class of '19 passes it on at the end of next year this gavel will be so covered with our achievements that we can never be rivaled by any past or coming Classes.

We have listened attentively while you have tried to advise us as to how we should act. You have endeavored to show us what few mistakes we have made, yet they are so small in comparison with the awful, monstrous and awesome blunders which the Class of '18 have committed, that this conclusion might be drawn: The mistakes of the Juniors are to those of the Seniors as the mole-hill is to the mountain.

As to the entertainment you have mentioned we admit that the Juniors secured the help of the Band, but was not the entertainment advertised as one to be given by "Barclay's Military Band and Junior Class?" There was only one member in the play from outside the Junior Class and he was a Sophomore — not a Senior. This entertainment was an entire success and we wish to express our sincere sympathy for him whose heart bled for us and who needlessly shed such tears for us.

But what of the Senior's entertainments? You talked and planned giving a Class play, but had to give up the idea, and why? Because of fewness of numbers, inability to act and a complete lack of that initiative necessary in all such thinks. This plan having altogether failed, you proceeded to try another one, but with scarcely any more success. You secured Mr. Kuonen, a Frenchman, knowing a great deal about the present war, to come and give a lecture under the auspices of the Senior Class. What was the result? Because of poor management and deplorable advertisement it came verp near being a complete failure for the Seniors. Just enough money was made to pay the expenses of the speaker and put something like a dollar and a half or two dollars into your treasury. Are not these brilliant achievements? Does not this show wonderful ability, great accomplishments and superior powers for management?

Now, as to the scholastic ability of this class of '18. For instance let me give you one very striking example. One of the Seniors, who has been barely slipping through school the past two years, is supposed to be endeavoring to make up work in which he flunked last year. During the first semester this dignified Senior was very conspicious because of his frequent periods of absence from school and during the last semester he has caused a great amount of comment by his "divine right" to cut classes at his own pleasure. But listen! Almost on the eve of commencement, this worthy Senior of whom I am speaking, was actually in the dark as to whether or not he would graduate. Does not this show wonderful scholastic ability combined with that dignity which is supposed to belong to Seniors?

The standard bearer, in his remarkable speech delivered a few moments ago, said: "It was through our own untiring efforts that Nixon Township High School was placed on the accredited list of the University of Illinois." Is this true? Where was the faculty during all this time the Seniors were putting forth such untiring efforts? Was not their teaching ability estimated? Where was the Board of Education? Where were the other classes, and especially the Juniors? Did not the inspector visit the other classes? Was not the apparatus supplied taken into consideration? Presuming from the statement made, all these things were immaterial. We all know better. The very statement itself is inconsistent on the face of it.

But perhaps I have already said enough about the short comings of the Class of '18 to enable every one here to clearly see them as they are — not as they would have us believe.

The Class of '18 boast of their athletic ability, of the number of their men on the basketball team. But where have they the right to boast and feel proud? The Juniors have far surpassed the rest of the school in athletics. I would like to ask who in this school has the good judgement necessary to be manager of the basketball team? A Junior. Who in this school has the brains and ability it takes to be a captain of the team? A Junior, of course. Not only has this Junior been captain of the team for the past year, but for the past two years. What men were voted honorary positions at the county basketball tournament? Not Seniors, but Juniors. One of the Junior players was voted forward on the second all star team and another one voted running guard on the second all star team. Is this not enough to make the Seniors, as well as everyone else, sit up and take notice of the Class of '19?

As for the literary ability of the Class of '19, who can outshine our class? No one. Who has carried away the prizes in evry reading contest we have had i nthe High

School? One of the members of the Class of '19. At the same time that we won the honors in the reading contest one of the members of our Class was awarded the prize for being the best essayist in the High School. Can the Class of '18 boast of like deeds?

You have heard how the Seniors boasted of their musical ability. They have forgotten to mention the fact that in our Literary contest of last year no Senior would compete with a Junior either in a vocol or instrumental solo. Does this show the musical ability of which the Class of '18 boasts so much?

We all agree that the Class of '18 is the best that has ever graduated from Nixon High School. No one will dispute that. Why? Because they are the first class to graduate from this school, but the Senior Star slowly sinks from view and above the horizon can be seen the Junior constellation illuminating old N. T. H. S. with a glory which will far surpas that of the Class of 1918.

RACHEL SUMMERS.

VALEDICTORY

Parents, teachers and classmates:

This gathering tonight is one of the last in which the class as a unit will be present. After pursuing practically the same course of training for the past four years we are now nearing the close of our scholastic career in the Nixon Township High School.

We are "Launched, but not Anchored" and from this time on we must "paddle our own canoe," but during these years of friendship, we have been given opportunities which, because we have taken advantage of them, tend to make that paddling much easier. During this time we have had the advantage of having a faculty who could not be surpassed. Last of all, we have had the advantage of having Mr. Johnson, our Principal, who has done all in his power to make this class a success. There is no doubt but that he has done so, and will still continue working for our interests. At this time I take pleasure in expressing on behalf of the class, our sincere appreciation for the untiring efforts of our Principal and the members of the faculty. We believe that it is only through their endeavors that we have succeeded in filling the requirements made for us as graduates of the Nixon Township High School.

During this brief term our ambitions have been centered on our desire to raise the standard of our School and to better ourselves, so that we may be safely launched upon Life's sea. Our attitude, when we enter Life's School, should be similar. We ought to have some interests larger than ourselves whereby we may help make the world better. Our future career, whatever it may be, is but a phase of the game of Life as we have learned to play it here in School except that we are to put into practice the knowledge we have gained here.

We cannot all be President of the United States nor do we all wish to be. Consequently we cannot all realize our aims in life. But to fail is to succeed if you fail honestly. Honest failure requires just as much or probably more effort than does true success. Even if failure comes if we have played the game square we know that the reward is just as sweet in the end if we can honestly say "I tried."

As this, one of the most pleasant evenings of our school career, draws towards a close we are saddened by the realization that never again will we be re-united in the class room. Never again can we proudly say that we are a student of the Nixon Township High School. But this sadness is lessened by a feeling of joy and determination that we will ever be a credit to this institution of which we are now a part.

And now, at parting, we must not forget that the eyes of those whom we leave behind are expectantly looking for our success. It should therefore, classmates, be our ambition to promote ourselves to such an extent, that the Nixon Township High School shall not be ashamed but proud to rank us as the first class among the members of its Alumni. So before closing let me present to you the words of George Herbert, that they may help you in your struggle for success:

"Pitch thy behavior low, thy project high,
So shall thous humble and magnanimous be
Lack not in spirit, who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much than he who means a tree."

And so let each one "' do his bit" as best he can, remembering that "not failure, but low aim is crime." With these thoughts, on behalf of the Class of 1918, I bid you all farewell.

LOLA EMERY '18.

"Monday comes too soon after Sunday night"—Jake.

CLASS PECULIARITIES

Though wise and learned as you'll see,
We all must have peculiarities;
For even an All Star Class has fads
That will make our dear "Nixonia" glad.

C. C., whose hair is always a sight,
Just always says, "Oh, I'm alright!"

Clarence? Oh, he's a nice, neat boy
And liking the girls is his chief joy!

Vern, he's the funny sort, you know,
And as we know, always ready to go.

Mildred will be a schoolmarm, perchance,
And oh! how she'll make those youngsters dance!

Fleet to music is much inclined
But we really think he'll be a lawyer kind.

Our Karl, who has such winning ways,
Has always something witty to say.

Next comes dear Willie who often balks,
Unless at noon with "Her" he talks.

Lola, with cheeks so pink and pretty,
Is very willful, wise and witty.

So here's our Class of 1918
Most witty, graceful, bright and keen.
We're neither naughty, foolish or loud,
Of us "Nixonia" may well be proud.

LOLA A. EMERY '18.
WILLIAM H. GRAY '18.

THINGS YOU OFTEN SEE

Gladys running from a mouse.
Ossie powdering her nose.
Charles sleeping in class.
Everyone so quiet you could hear a pin drop—when the telephone rings.
Vern sitting on the legs of the chair.
Florence sitting on the table.
Latin students frowning.
Rain— when there is a "party on."
Everyone sleepy on Monday morning.
Charles late to school, esp. on Monday morning.
"Freshies" gazing around the room.
Ossie giggling.
Florence whispering when the teacher's back is turned.

"A preambulating personification of Sweden"—Karl.

Commencement Program

OF

The First Annual Commencement Exercises

NIXON TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL

M. P. CHURCH

Wednesday, May 8, 1918

8:30 P. M.

Selection a, b	Orchestra
Invocation	Rev. W. O. Lough
Selection	Orchestra
Class Address	Hon. Francis G. Blair
Selection	Orchestra
Presentation of Diplomas	L. M. Marvel, Pres. of Board of Education
Benediction	Rev. A. D. Moon

SENIOR SOCIAL EVENTS

This being their last year of High School life the Seniors held the following parties:

One bright afternoon the Senior Class decided to surprise their Faculty Advisor, Mr. Johnson. After several secret consultations with Mrs. Johnson, all plans were completed, the night decided upon being the following Tuesday. Mr. Johnson was not at home when we arrived but a plan was soon "framed" which worked well. Mr. Johnson came home to find the members of the Faculty and the Senior Class there. Many games were played during the evening. Refreshments consisting of peaches and cream, nabiscoes and cocoa were served. An enjoyable evening was spent and all departed at a late hour.

On March 6, the Seniors, chaperoned by the members of the Faculty, motored to the home of Lola A. Emery where a most enjoyable evening was spent. A little disturbance occurred in the evening as a result of a prowling Senior who was in search of a bunch of gossiping Juniors. Our fears were soon abated and the trouble forgotten. Refreshments were served. Games were played which required both wit and humor to enjoy. All departed at a late hour, tired but happy.

One of the enjoyable events of the year was given by Fleet Summers at his home on March 21. Games and music helped us to spend a delightful evening. Refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake and cocoa, were served. At an early (?) hour we sought our homes feeling indebted to our host of the evening.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

On Monday evening, May 6, the important social event of the school year, the Junior-Senior Reception, was held in the school building when the class of '19 entertained the Class of '18, the High School Faculty, and the Board of Education, at a banquet.

The guests, entering at the west door, were met by Velda Hunt and Emil Parker and ushered to the cloak room, where they removed their wraps. They were then directed to the corridor above, where they were received by Lila Bollenbach and Earl Roben.

Many exclamations were heard as the guests entered, for the corridor was indeed a fairyland bower, decorated with so many potted plants, ferns and palms that it seemed as though it were a fairy garden, while streamers of orange and blue (the Junior colors) were to be found everywhere.

After a short address of welcome by the President of the Juniors Rachel Summers, all made their way to the banquet Hall, to the strains of music played by a Victrola Here place cards directed each one to his particular place. The banquet hall was indeed beautiful. Soft red lights gave a tinge of beauty to the leafy branches which were everywhere amongst the green and white (Senior colors) streamers. The tables were prettily arranged with bouquets of lovely white roses.

After all were seated an enjoyable supper was served, consisting of:

Lemonade

Chicken Sandwiches — Potato Salad
Radishes — Wafers
Pickles — Pea Salad
Ice Cream with Chocolate Syrup
Cake — Coffee
Mints

When the last course was finished a series of clever toasts was given on the subject, "At the Front," Ray Olson acting as toastmaster.

After this, all returned to the corridor where they were entertained with music and games. Later for a short time, everyone enjoyed a social talk with everyone else.

As the hour was growing late, M. Mildred Saylor, the Senior President, expressed the Seniors' appreciation of the enjoyable occasion, commenting upon the friendly relations existing between the two classes, and giving the underclassmen a vision of the aspirations and ideals of Seniors. Then the guests departed, expressing the firm belief that the class of '19 were royal entertainers.

"One of Natures strangest blunders"—Clarence.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY?

NAME	ALIAS	AMBITION	SLANG	FAVORITE STUNT	FAVORITE SONG
Vern	"Shinney"	None Whatever	"Now twit" (quit)	Feeding Candy to the Girls	"When I Get You Alone Tonight"
Mildred	"Midge" "Saylors"	Nurse	"By tater"	Talking to Him	"Let's Take an Old Fashioned Buggy Ride"
Karl	"Pete" "Gus"	Electrical Engineer	"Sure"	"Being Sweet"	"If I Only Had Some One to Love Me"
Fleet	"Grit" "Sum"	Lawyer	"Oh, Shoot!"	"Acting Cute"	"Nobody Knows the Troubles I have"
Willie	"Bill"	Chief Justice	"Aw, Cut it out!"	"Sleeping in English Class"	"I want to Linger a Little Longer"
Lola	"Hylo" "Nell"	Senator	"Oh, Governor!"	Educating Pete	"A Little Bit of Love"
C. C.	"Peck"	Editor	"Oh, Heavens Bugs"	Amusing the Girls	"Darling Let Me Put My Arm Around You"
Clarence	"Peanut" "Staves"	Gentleman of Leisure	"Oh, Frost"	Having a New Girl Every Night	"If I Only Had a Check from Home"

Adams Summers Olson Hunt Parker Bales Roben Wilson Shearer Bollenbach Hunt

JUNIOR CLASS

CLASS ROLL

Gladys Hunt—All the world is a stage and she is the best actress.

Earl Roben—Known to the High School and to his friends as "Jake Roben."

Rachel Summers—She, who has no music in her soul, is fit for—nothing.

Emil Parker—Quiet, but with laughing blue eyes.

Beatrice Bales—I have been proposed to three times.

Lila Bollenback—A gay and laughing girl so full of mirth. We need more like her on this old earth.

Harry Goble—Very fond of a sailor (Saylor).

Beulah Wilson—Of softest manners, unaffected mind, Lover of peace and human kind.

Ossie Shearer—I should think your tongue had broken its chain.

Charles Adams—He plays basketball, aint he cuts? Isn't he cunnin' in a basketball suit!

Velda Hunt—Always ready to lend a helping hand.

Ray Olson—A real yell leader.

CLASS OFFICERS

Rachel Summers ..... President
Harry Goble ..... Secretary
Clara Phillips ..... Treasurer

Ossie—Do you believe the adage that money talks?

Lila—Well, I've often heard of money orders.

WITHIN THE LAW

Ray—See here waiter the ice in this lemonade is melted.

Waiter—Yessah we aint allowed to serve only sof' drinks sah.

CLASS PLAY

One of the dramatic incidents of the season was given by the Junior Class on the night of March the thirtieth.

It was given in the form of a short farce entitled "Hans Von Smash." It pictured the conditions of a German when he first entered this country and the difficulties he had in understanding the American language.

It was universally exclaimed a success by all present. The players showed much talent and played their part exceedingly well. Earl Roben in the personage of Hans Von Smash was the star of the evening.

The members of the caste were:

Hans Von Smash ..... Earl Roben
Mr. Batch ..... Ernest Dickey
John Prettyman ..... Chas. Adams
Henry Dasher ..... Ray Olson
Mary Batch ..... Gladys Hunt
Susie Batch ..... Rachel Summers
Katie, servant ..... Velda Hunt

Barclay's Military Band furnished part of the program of the evening. A few favorite selections were played which were enjoyed by all present. A few miscellaneous numbers were also given by other members of the School. R. W. O., '19. —

Didn't I tell you to give your friend the best part of the apple? Now, why did you give him the seeds.

Rachel—Well, they'er the best part. He can take them home and plant them and have a whole orchard.

Earl—Do you think dreams are unlucky.

Velda—Yes, I think they are if they come in school hours.

DIFFICULT FEAT

Charles was sitting with his feet stretched far out into the aisle and was busily chewing gum when the teacher espied him.

"He thinks too little, and talks too much"—Paul P.

Charles! Cried the teacher sharply.
Yes ma'am?
Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in.
"In a pinch use foot ease," remarked a tramp as he threw a package of powder in the policeman's eyes who was about to arrest him.
Beulah—What makes Gladys squeal so when she sees a little mouse.
Beatrice—Because she is afraid if she doesn't scream no one will know it is close by.
Emil—Don't patronize that restaurant, they charge ten cents for pie.
Jake—What of it? I am a piece-at-any price man.

CLASS POEM

(With Apologies to Henry W. Longfellow)

Tell us not in mournful numbers,
Charles doesn't like to sleep and dream!
The mind is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Ray is real! Earl is earnest!
And the grade is not their goal,
At school they are, to school returnest,
'to help fill out the Junior roll.

Enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is Velda's destined end or way,
Rachel acts that each tomorrow
Finds her farther than today.

School is long, and time is fleeting,
And Emil's heart, though brave and stout,
Still, like muffled drum, is beating,
For the time when school is out.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let Lila do as she thinks best;
Act, Ossie,—in the living present!
For the joyous are the blest.

The life of Gladys does remind us
That marvels can make lives sublime,
And Beulah, not at all behind us
Will leave her footprints on the sands of time.

Harry's footprints, too, may help another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn, disheartened brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—Beatrice Bales '19.

"He who rides a pony to exams must expect to fall."

Richardson McKown Montgomery Emery Galaway Whitaker Dickey

SOPHOMORES

CLASS ROLL

Ernest Dickey—"Dickey"—Swift in everything but spelling.
Opal Emery—"O-Pal"—Shy and modest as a violet.
Clarence Galloway—"Skeenzy"—Three stories high; long, lank and lean.
Florence McKown—"Shorty"—Big surprises always come in small packages.
William Montgomery—"Bud"—"If you don't know—Bluff."
Ira Richardson—"Richey"—He's a quiet chap sometimes.
Helen Whitaker—"Polly"—Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Florence McKown
Vice President ..... Opal Emery
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Ernest Dickey
Class Advisor ..... Miss Sylvia R. Gibson

CLASS MOTTO

"Hit, Don't Fan."

CLASS COLORS

Purple and White.

CLASS POEM

We are the Sophomore class of only seven,
But we're as good as forty-eleven;
For our school work is the very best,
And if you don't believe it, just put us to the test.

All the other classes laugh at us,
But what do we care for that stuff;
We know their laughs are harmless
So why should that corrupt our business.

We never try to shun our work
Like the Freshies, who are known to shirk,
But we do our best all the time
Even if others do fall behind.

We are going to graduate some day,
Then all the people will say.
"There is a noble class we look to
For the many deeds they will do."

ERNEST DICKEY.

JOKES

A green Freshman, named Pete, in answering the question, "What is the method of curing hog cholera?" replied, "Give him some serum and if that doesn't cure him death will."

ON THE WALL AT MIDNIGHT

I lay in bed at midnight
And gazed upon the wall,
The bed bugs and the roaches
Were playing football.

The score was six to nothing,
The bed bugs were ahead,
The game was so exciting
That I fell out of bed.

One Kiss Miss Gibson—"When was the Gettys-
More Kisses burg address delivered?"
One Miss Noble Junior—"Eighty-seven years
There Mrs. after the Civil War."

One of the bright noble Juniors had the nerve to ask what a "Submarine" was as she had never heard of such a thing before.

F
FRESHMAN

Adams Barnett Mahoney Baker Conn Baker Peterson
Swearingen Roben Montgomery Gray

FRESHMAN

Colors—Pink and Silver Grey.
Motto—Impossible is Un-American.

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Sarah Montgomery
Vice President ..... Fae Conn
Secretary ..... Ruby Gray
Treasurer ..... Deane Adams

CLASS ROLL

Duff Barnett—"I like the girls, but I lack the nerve."
Dean Adams—"Let the earth slide, I should worry."
Sarah Montgomery—"I'll do just as I please."
Mildred Baker—"One of the musical throng."
Fae Conn—"I just hate Arithmetic."
Ruby Gray—"Modest, shy, and quite."
Thelma Mahoney—"Is it free?"
Paul Peterson—"Teacher's pet."
Florence Baker—"She speaks and behaves just as she ought."
Wayne Walpole—"Firty-free bushels."
Cora Swearingen—"Go to Grass."
Juanita Clemons—"Short, stout and round about."
Fred Colville—"Let's play hookey."
Ollie Roben—"Very small for her size."

"F" is for the Freshman,
Who is not a fool.
"S" is for the Sophomore,
Who wants to quit school.

"J" is for the Junior,
Whose work must be judged.
"S" is for the Senior,
Whom the rest of us can't budge.

CLASS JOKES

1. One of our little Freshman in reading about "Argosies Cast," substituted the words "Angora Cat."

2. Dean Adams, the chatter box, was nicknamed "Polly Parrot." He thinks it pays to be a Polly Parrot because he gets such good grades in English.

3. Fae, rushing into Miss Walkup's room, with a sigh said, "Oh! I wish I was young again."

4. Wayne finished explaining his problem in Rrithmetic, Miss Walkup called on Dean for the next problem. Dean said, "I haven't it." Wayne passed his Arithmetic paper across to Dean. Referring to the paper Miss Walkup said, "Wayne are you helping Dean, or is Dean helping you?"

5. Cora has a path worn to Mr. Johnson's desk asking for help with her Algebra.

6. It "precipitates" instead of "rains" for the Freshman now.

7. Has Cora ever had the mumps?

8. Sarah doesn't add digits she adds "dig-its."

The Freshman Class presented to the N. T. H. S. the Bust of Lincoln on February 12.

Owls at night and then, Owls at day—Flunkers.

Dickey
Prof. Johnson

Goble

Shinneman
Richardson

Montgomery
Summers

Capt. Adams
Coach Stillman

ATHELETICS

BASKET BALL

Only three short years ago, Basketball was an unknown sport in the old Weldon High School. Within three weeks after Prof. R. H. Johnson come upon the scene of action the game was being promoted and has progressed rapidly until at the present time the N. T. H. S. Basketball Team out classes any team, with the same advantages, in Central Illinois.

Basketball is by far the most important phase of Athletics in N. T. H. S.

GAMES OF THIS SEASON

	N. T. H. S.	Opp.
Heyworth at Weldon	13	20
Wapella at Wapella	30	11
Kenney at Kenney	2	9
Clinton at Weldon	18	17
Maroa at Weldon	16	14
Argenta at Weldon	26	7
Heyworth at Heyworth	26	16
Clinton at Weldon	33	23
Farmer City at Farmer City	17	23
Heyworth at Weldon	38	14
Clinton at Weldon	19	52
Waynesville at Weldon	32	23
Clinton at Clinton	16	27
	287	256

Lyman Stillman our Basketball Coach although just starting to coach the team last fall has made a great change in the team. He is a very good Coach and has led the team to victory many times. He is a man who is thoroug' ly acquainted with every phase of the various branches of Athletics and he imparts his ideas to the boys in such sane and sensible ways that they cannot help but be proficient.

The next largest asset he has is his dominant personality; always admirable, his personality is the big factor that wins the fellows over to his side, so they do their best to win, "Just for Coach" as they say.

This man deserves a great deal of credit that he doesn't get. He is always active, alert, doing things for the team, assuming the initiative, in fact doing dozens of things that cause him great inconvenience just so that the School and the boys may derive the benefits.

Mr. Stillman is the boys' best friend and always works hard for their interests.

The Team

ADAMS, FORWARD

To Cap. must be given a great deal of credit for the success of the team. Level headed, determined and a great fighter, he proved himself a valuable man at the forward position and worthy of the honor of Captain.

MONTGOMERY, FORWARD

A hard fast player characterized by his gameness. His ability to shoot baskets under difficulties was a main cog in the team scoring.

SHINNEMAN, CENTER

A new man but game to the core. Vern made a valuable man at the pivot position. His loss will be sadly felt by the team of '18-'19.

GOBLE, GUARD

Heady, always fighting and a consistant scorer; Harry developed into an exceilent floor guard.

DICKEY, GUARD

Dickey's rapid development as a basketball player gives him a high place in the minds of those who saw him play. At back guard his heady work and fight gives him the name of Stonewall Dickey.

SUMMERS, SUB-FORWARD

Fleet was a very accurate basket shooter and his three years experience in the game made him a very valuable man to the team.

RICHARDSON, SUB-GUARD

The first man to practice and the last to leave. Ira's development was rapid, although playing in but two games this year. Much is expected of him on next year's team.

McKOWN, ALL AROUND

Becoming a member of the team the second semester, Morris soon became one

of the swiftest players on the team. Much is expected of him next year.

Mr. Johnson showed his appreciation of the splendid work done by the boys and the coach by giving a party at his home on the evening of April 30th. Refreshments consisting of chicken sandwiches, ice cream, cake and coffee were served by Mrs. Johnson.

The boys and the coach certainly appreciate Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's ability to entertain. During the evening Mr. Johnson in a heart to heart talk to the boys and coach presented Coach Stillman, in behalf of the Aathletic Association at present, which was received and appreciated very much by Mr. Stillman.

Coach Stillman in a short talk to the boys told them of the past and future of Basketball in the N. T. H. S. Each one of the boys gave a short talk also. All in all it was one of the most enjoyable evenings of the year. A strong tie of friendship exists between the boys, the coach and the principal.

CHEATING THE BARBER

Old Sampson's hair was long and straight,
And he was wondrous strong;
Perhaps that's why the Basketball men
Let their hair grow long.

Mother: "If you do faithful work you'll be a man."
Little Boy: "If I don't will I be a woman?"

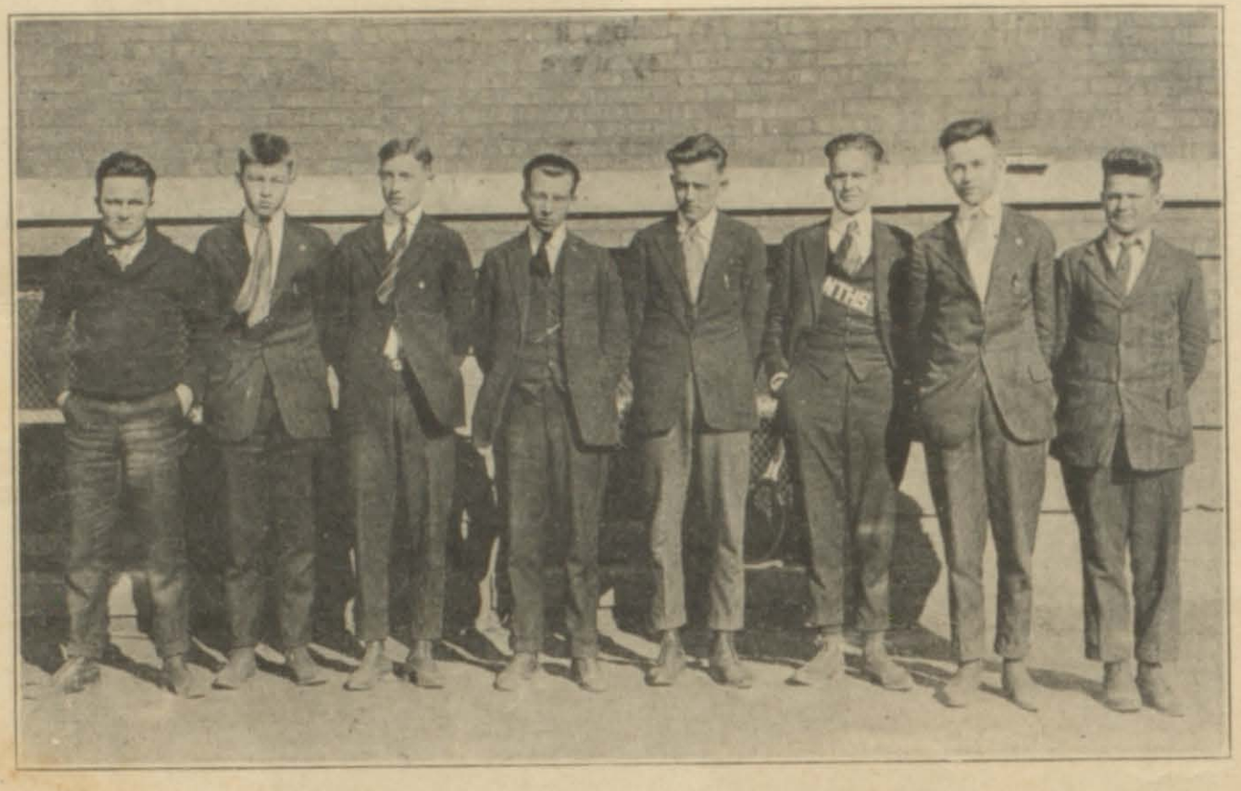
"Nixonia's cute little boy."—Pete W.

MUSICAL

The Girls Glee Club has done some very good work this year, rendering selections in a way which was far from being amateurish. The Girls have almost always been willing to appear before the public. They assisted in the fall at the High School Play at the Junior entertainment this spring, at the Lincoln program, at a Community sing and at the Minstrel Show where they were billed as "Dusky Warblers."

Left to right: Montgomery, Saylor, Emery, Hunt, Bales, Baker, Hunt, McKown

The Boys' Glee Club was organized soon after school had opened in the fall. New books were ordered and soon everyone in school was singing "If I Only Had a Check from Home." The boys sang at the Annual Play in the fall, at the patriotic program February 12, and at the Ministrel Show in the spring where they appeared as the "Barber Shop Octette."



Left to right: Olson, Peterson, Gray, Summers, Gray, Keel, Shinneman, Barnett

COLORED MINSTRELS

JOKES

Mr. J.—Those statistics were taken from some civilized country, weren't they?
Lola— I thought it was Germany.

Miss W.—Don't laugh. You might make the same mistake.
William—I'd expect to get the laugh, too.

Fleet—(Latin II) I forgot was temptata means.
MissG.—Didn't I tell you to put an a-t before that on Saturday?.

Miss W.—You know what I mean by the "carrying trade, don't you?
Vern—I 'spose you mean what Great Britain has got now.

Beatrice—(A noble Junior) Girls! I know I have the slickest nose of anybody in DeWitt county.

Gladys—(In Latin II) They threw up an embankment.
Mildred—They must have had strong stomachs.

Mr. L.—How much does an ordinary turkey weigh? They didn't raise turkeys where I was raised.

Miss W.—What sort of career did Garfield have?
Vern—Not a very big one. He just grew up in the woods.

Karl's favorite date "1492"—What girl has lived that long?

Mr. J.—What time does that train leave?
Clarence—Which one, the 10-38?

Miss W.—I shall want you to look for biographies of some of our great men; such as J. J. Hill, J. Pierpont Morgan, Jane Adams,—
Vern—Jane Adams! Who is "he"?

William—Who wrote "Burke's Speech on conciliation?"

Miss W.—Contrast Whittier and Longfellow.
Karl—Whittier never got married and Longfellow did.
Miss W.—O Karl! ! ! That wasn't important. I think you're a hopeless case.

Mr. L.—Vern, please read that and explain in heavy type.

Lola—You don't belong to the I. D. K., do you?
Freshie: What's that, the Idle Dick? No, I'm idle enough.

Mildred—(In English IV) His mother was a, "Let Me See."

Karl—You'uns just said he didn't.
Miss W.—What?
Karl—(Somewhat louder) You'uns just said he didn't.
Miss W.—Who?
Karl—Someone.
Miss W.—That's better. You surely didn't say you'uns.
Karl—I sure did.

Lola: I can't remember anything I never read.
Miss W.—No Lola, we don't expect you to do that.

"FAITHFUL TO THE LAST"

Editor-in-Chief.....C. C. Gray
Literary Editor.....Clarence F. Keel
Social Editor.....Lola A. Emery
Art Editor.....Karl L. Peterson
Athletic Editor.....Vern L. Shinneman
Joke Editor.....M. Mildred Saylor
Business Manager.....William H. Gray
Assistant Business Manager.....K. Fleet Summers

TO MY SUCCESSOR

Here is a toast I want to drink to a fellow I'll never know:
To the fellow who is going to take my place when it is time for me to go.
I've wondered what kind of achap he'll be and I've wished I could take his hand,
Just to whisper, "I wish you well old man," in a way he'll understand.
I'd like to give him the cheering word that I've longed at times to hear,
I'd like to give him the warm hand-clasp when never a friend seems near.
I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work, and I wish I could pass it on
To the fellow who'll come to take my place the day when I am gone."

THE EDITOR.